August
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# Millennial Star

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# SCIENCE and RESEARCH

By Dr. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, Jr.
From the "Improvement Era"

THE Parthenon was completed in Athens in 438 B.C. To construct and maintain it for two decades following cost about five hundred times as much as the Library of Congress. W. A. Oldfather made this estimate on the basis of the value of money, the size of the population, and their relative ability to pay.

★

THE wood pewee sings in two quite different styles. Its more elaborate song is given before sunrise and sunset, beginning about 17 minutes before, from a perch not used for song during the day.

★

THERE are about 30,000 craters on the moon which are visible.

★

THE atolls, such as Bermuda, the Carolines, the Marshalls and Truk, are volcanic mountains reaching up from the bottom of the sea to within three hundred feet of the surface, with a cap of coral, usually with the living reefs wall-like around the outer edge of lagoons of constant depth.

★

GEMS have been found with animals and birds engraved on them as early as the eighth century B.C. Lions, which were found in Greece as late as the sixth century B.C., were the favourite, followed in popularity by the horse, then the bull. Also illustrated were the wild boar, deer, the eagle, and the heron.

★

HICKORY leaves have been found to collect rare-earth elements in considerable quantity in a strange example of the accumulation of chemical elements by living organisms. Cerium, one of the rare-earths, is used in incandescent gas mantles.

★

THE sea level at the deepest part of the Pacific Ocean in the Ramapo Depth just east of Japan would be about eight hundred feet higher if the water were not compressed by pressure of the water above it.


# The "MILLENNIAL STAR"

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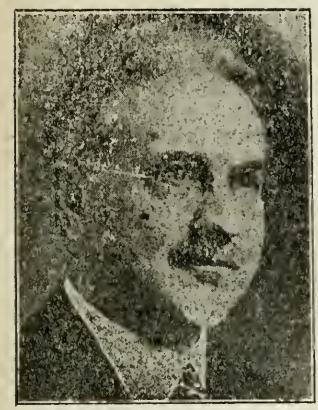


# THE KINGDOM OF GOD

by
Dr. JOHN A. WIDTSOE
OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

THE government under which we live, wherever we are, is our important concern. It determines to a large degree the happiness that we win from life.

Religion deals, or should deal, with all matters affecting our welfare. Naturally, therefore, it has a deep interest in human government. The Church as the com—munity of believers in the gospel of Jesus Christ, does not hesitate to declare its opinion concerning governmental principles and acts. Did it fail to do so, it would be untrue to its sacred objective. The Church refuses to be muzzled in its teaching of righteousness, whatever the field may be.

**Government Must Comply**

The Church, therefore, declares fearlessly that a government, to be of benefit to the people, must comply, in its operations, with the principles imbedded in religion, that is, in the gospel of Jesus Christ. The more nearly a government does this, the more serviceable it is to the people. Whenever a man-made law violates God's law, the people suffer.

Such conformity must go beyond mere ethical teachings; it must be of a religious character. For example, laws, requiring honesty among men, must be enacted, not merely to avoid the social confusion that would follow general dishonesty, but to obey the flaming, divine command from Sinai, "Thou shalt not steal." (Exodus 20:15.) God must be in any truly satisfactory government of men.

**The Gospel a Standard**

The gospel, then, becomes a standard by which the value of a government and all its acts may be measured and judged. Every law, regulation, and practice, may be laid, for comparison, by the side of corresponding principles of religion. Then, their true value will soon be discovered. When this is done by every voter, he will know, without further counsel, how he should use his franchise as a citizen.

Every legislator and administrator should test proposed policies for governing men in institutions, by the principles of religion, by the requirements of the gospel. Many present propositions and practices would then drop as putrid flesh from the body politic. Were that done in legislative halls, or managerial offices, the old sores of misunderstanding and political contention would soon heal, never again to open. Were that done, a new world of peace would arise from our blood-sodden, hate-riven world. If legislators would read the Bible publicly in their sessions, new light would guide them to wise decisions.

It follows, that a perfect government would be one that employs only gospel

principles. Such a government would be the kingdom of God. But, such a government will not be achieved until Christ himself comes to "rule and reign." However, all governments, to benefit their citizens, should move towards the gospel ideal. Until that time comes, if human welfare is to be preserved and increased, governments must seek to emulate in their enactments, and by the administration of their laws, the doctrine, principles, and practices of religion. The body of law must be pruned of everything in opposiion to that ideal. That brings religion and human governments in close conjunction.

**View Recognised**

This view is recognised in many lands. The king is crowned amidst religious ceremonies. By priestly attendants he is washed, annointed, blessed, and dressed in ceremonial robes. At times, as recently in England, he is virtually proclaimed the head of the Church. The close connection between divine and human governments is thus recognised. The careers of the nations show, however, that such crowning ceremonials are largely empty forms, having no substantial results.

The original government of men on earth, in the days of Adam, was one embodying the principles and authority of the plan of salvation. Later governments, at diverse periods, under patriarchs and prophets, were the same. Governments departed from divine rule, but copied divine forms, as the people forsook the doctrines of the gospel, and broke the commandments of the Lord. The people always retain their free agencies, as when Israel desired a king: "Hearken unto the voice of the people in all that they say unto thee: for they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me, that I should reign over them." (I Sam. 8:7.) So long as the truth of the gospel was held inviolate in the beliefs and acts of the people, there were no departures from the government of God on earth.

**Kingdom of God**

Jesus often spoke of the kingdom of God, as a coming government on earth. He taught his disciples to pray, "Thy kingdom come." (Matt. 6:10.) He urged his followers to seek first "the kingdom of God" (Matt. 6:33); and declared that "the kingdom of God is at hand." (Mark 1:15.)

The plain meaning of this teaching is that while Jesus often referred to a spiritual kingdom, He also taught there should be a kingdom of God on earth, patterned after the one in heaven, and possessing divine authority. Else, why ask that the "kingdom come," or say it was "at hand," or that it would "come with power"? (Mark 9:1.)

The kingdom of God has been defined by John Taylor, third president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He says:

"What is the meaning of 'thy kingdom come'? It means the rule of God. It means the law of God. It means the government of God. It means the people who have listened to and who are willing to learn and to observe the commandments of Jehovah. . . . Thy kingdom come, that the confusion, the evil, and wickedness, the murder and bloodshed that now exist among mankind may be done away, and the principles of truth and right, the principles of kindness, charity and love as they dwell in the bosom of the Gods, may dwell with us." (The Gospel Kingdom, pp. 205, 206.)

This identifies the kingdom of God with the Church of Christ on earth, with Christ at the head. They who have accepted the gospel, the plan of salvation, with its attendant ordinances, are the citizens of the kingdom. The Church is the incipient kingdom of God.

The objectives and marks of the kingdom of God are those of the Church of Christ; peace and good will among men—the message of the angelic hosts heard by the shepherds, watching their flocks, at the birth of Christ. (Luke 2:13, 14.)

The power of the kingdom of God, as of the Church, is a priesthood that can speak and act for God with authority. No other officers will be needed by the kingdom, when fully established, for the consummation of the purposes of God. This also has been stated clearly by President John Taylor:

**Priesthood Ruling Power**

"When the will of God is done on earth as it is in heaven, that priesthood

will be the only legitimate ruling power under the whole heavens; for every other power and influence will be subject to it. When the millennium . . . is introduced, all potentates, powers, and authorities—every man, woman and child, will be in subjection to the kingdom of God; they will be under the power and dominion of the priesthood of God; then the will of God will be done on the earth as it is done in heaven." (The Gospel Kingdom, pp. 206, 207.)

In the Church, as established, with its laws, ordinances, and authority, lie the seeds of the coming kingdom of God. Out of it will grow the promised kingdom with Christ as its head. It will not come in any other manner. Clearly, it becomes then the duty of the Church to spread the gospel message over the earth. Thereby the Church and its activities will serve as a leaven by which the whole world may be leavened. By the voice and labours of the Church, the faces of all people may be turned towards the light of eternal truth. Little by little, through the power of the priesthood, adequate preparation may be made for the full establishment of the kingdom at the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. In all this the Lord gives His help. In the words of Brigham Young: "The Kingdom of God on earth is a living, moving, effective institution, and is governed, controlled, dictated and led by the invisible God whom we serve." (Discourses, Ed. 1941, p. 24.)

To the coming of this kingdom, the Latter-day Saints look forward with confidence. They accept gladly the responsibility of helping to prepare for that coming. They pray that the coming may not be long delayed.

**No Revolutionary Designs**

Let us not be misunderstood. In this conception of the kingdom of God, the Latter-day Saints have no revolutionary designs on the existing governments of earth. On the contrary, the Lord, speaking to the Prophet Joseph Smith, said, "Let no man break the laws of the land, for he that keepeth the laws of God hath no need to break the laws of the land. Wherefore, be subject to the powers that be, until he reigns whose right it is to reign." (D. & C. 58:21, 22.) The Latter-day Saints are taught to be a strictly law-abiding people; and their history has shown that they do obey the laws of the land.

However, there are many kinds of governments. All governments, in the last analysis, derive or should derive their power and maintenance from the people. Governments, to have a claim upon popular respect, must, therefore, be set up for the benefit of the people. Individual liberty must not be curtailed, but rigidly and fully preserved. That means a constitutional government. Any government which violates these eternal, righteous principles will not yield human good. People have the right to secure the overthrow of governments that deprive their citizens of freedom. On this subject, the Lord instructed the Prophet Joseph, as follows:

"And that law of the land which is constitutional, supporting that principle of freedom in maintaining rights and privileges, belongs to all mankind, and is justifiable before me. Therefore, I, the Lord, justify you, and your brethren of my church, in befriending that law which is the constitutional law of the land; and as pertaining to law of man, whatsoever is more or less than this cometh of evil." (D. & C. 98:5-7.)

But a constitutional government does not of itself profit a nation. It must be administered properly, else its inherent freedom may be a name only. "When the wicked rule, the people mourn." (D. & C. 98:9.) Upon the people rests the responsibility of selecting officers or administrators of the law. This is really the foremost privilege of free men; and should be exercised with the utmost care. The Lord said to the Prophet Joseph Smith, concerning this matter: "Wherefore, honest men and wise men should be sought for diligently, and good men and wise men ye should observe to uphold; otherwise whatsoever is less than these cometh of evil." (D. & C. 98:10.) The martyred patriarch, Hyrum Smith, elaborated upon this theme in powerful words:

"You are to vote for good men (and if you do not this, it is a sin: to vote for wicked men, it would be sin) who will maintain every man in his right." (History of Church 6:323.)

In our own land, as in others, too

much attention is given, in selecting men, to political party allegiance, and too little to the character of the men who are candidates for office. Consequently the people suffer.

The principles of the gospel may be used successfully in human government. That is demonstrated by the fact that the more the principles of righteousness have been used in governmental affairs, the greater has been the prosperity of the people.

An unwritten chapter of American history is an example from our own day. When in 1847 the "Mormon" pioneers entered the Salt Lake Valley, then an uninhabited desert, far from the outposts of civilisation, they set up rules and regulations drawn from the principles of religion. They were obliged to do so, for no other government was available. Men were chosen for office, of every kind, under the laws of the gospel and the priesthood. As a result, during the following few years, a peace and progress resulted, which has not been equalled since, and which is unique in the history of the world.

It must be admitted, with sorrow, that few of today's governments approach, in spirit or in deed, that of the kingdom of God. Few place gospel truth above all things. Few are willing to comply with gospel requirements ever so lightly. After nearly two thousand years we are far from the realisation of a kingdom of God, on earth, operating in the spirit of Christ, with peace and good will as gifts to humanity. Christian nations are now engaged in the largest, fiercest, and bloodiest war of history. The spirit of Christ is not recognisable in this gigantic, Satanic struggle. The spirit of evil leads the procession.

**God Always Victor**

Nevertheless, the Church knows that the kingdom of God will be established. Its coming is certain. God is never defeated. He is always the victor. The establishment of the kingdom must be our constant objective. There will come a time when God will say to the nations, "Enough!" Then He will assume command on earth, as in heaven; and the kingdom will be fully established. Then warfare will cease; though the inviolability of free agency may yet leave some hearts filled with rancour and hate. Nevertheless, every knee shall then bow and every tongue confess that Jesus is the Christ. (Phil. 2:10, 11.) Peace and good will will prevail among the people.

May the nations obtain the view of the coming kingdom, and shape their actions accordingly. When this great world war ends, the following peace will depend on how closely the articles of peace will accord with the principles of the Lord's plan of salvation. Were our statesmen wise, they would prepare for their coming responsibilities as peacemakers, by daily, diligent study of the principles and practices of the Lord's gospel of peace. It would give them better preparation than any man-made course of study. Then, in all their negotiation they would seek to build towards the kingdom of God.

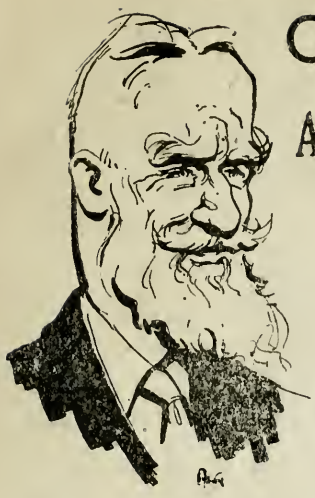
May every one of us engage, proudly and valiantly, in the building of the kingdom of God on earth, and above all, may the day of the coming of that kingdom be hastened.

## SUPT. BENNION RECOGNISED BY ACADEMY . . . . . .

SIGNAL honour has come to "The Instructor," organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union, with the awarding to its associate editor, Superintendent Milton Bennion, the 1944 recognition for outsanding achievement in arts and letters, by the Utah Academy of Arts and Science.

The award, presented by the Academy annually, was made at its yearly meeting, Saturday, May 6, at the Union Building (University of Utah campus) in Salt Lake City. A similar award for achievement in science is made by the Academy each year.

"Citizenship, an Introduction to Social Ethics," "Moral Teachings of the New Testament," and "New Frontiers for American Youth," are books authored by Elder Bennion, who succeeded Elder George D. Pyper as general superintendent of Latter-day Saint Sunday Schools and also as associate editor of "The Instructor," March 2, 1943. President Heber J. Grant is Editor of "The Instructor." —From "Deseret News."



# G.B.S. APPROVES

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, that unpredictable critic, has great admiration for the Mormon People. Here is what he said during his address on Political Science in America!

"You know if you study American History—not the old history books, for almost all American histories until very lately were mere dustbins of the most mendacious vulgar journalism—but the real history of America, you will be ashamed of it, because the real history of all mankind is shameful. But there is hope in bits of it. I wonder how many of you have ever studied the history of the Latter-day Saints: one of the most extraordinary episodes in the white settlement of the world.

"There was a time when the Mormons were so few in number that they were in very great danger of being killed by their pious neighbours because their views were unpopular. But they were themselves a very pious people. They were brought up with the strictest old-fashioned ideas with regard to the relations of the sexes and the sanctity of marriage: marriage, of course, being the established monogamous marriage of the Christian west.

"Well, their leader went to these pious men and women and said to them, 'I want you to take to polygamy. I want all you men to have as many wives as you can possibly afford instead of one wife.'

"Think what a terrific thing that was to say to such people! I do not know any more moving passage in literature than that in which Brigham Young describes how, after receiving the appalling order, he met a funeral on his way home and found himself committing the mortal sin of envying the dead. And yet Brigham Young lived to have a very large number of wives according to our ideas . . . and to become immortal in history as an American Moses by leading his people through the wilderness into an un-promised land where they founded a great city on polygamy.

"Now nothing can be more idle, nothing more frivolous, than to imagine that this polygamy had anything to do with personal licentiousness. If Joseph Smith had proposed to the Latter-day Saints that they should live licentious lives, they would have rushed on him and probably anticipated the pious neighbours who presently shot him. The significant point in the case was that the reason he gave them was a purely political reason. He said, 'Unless we multiply our numbers, we are lost; and we can multiply our numbers rapidly only by polygamy. And, therefore, whatever our prejudices, whatever our feelings may be, if we are to save the Church of the Latter-day Saints from annihilation by the superior number of its enemies in this State, we must take to polygamy.'

"And they did it. That was the wonderful American thing. A body of Americans were capable of changing their lives and discarding their most deeply rooted ideas for a purely political reason! That makes some of you laugh. I am very glad. Whenever in the search for truth I hit the nail exactly on the head, there is always a laugh at first; but nothing that I shall say tonight is more significant than that illustration of American capacity for political action. . . I really do entertain a hope—I think I am the only person in the world who entertains it so far, but after my preaching tonight some of you may begin to entertain it—that Americans, in spite of all the follies of the past, in spite of your obsolete Uncle Jonathan, in spite of your ridiculous hundred per cent. American, may yet take the lead in political thought and action, and help to save the soul of the world. . . ."

—"Improvement Era"

*Thoughts*———

# FOR THE SERVICEMAN'S QUIET HOUR No. 2

*by HUGH B. BROWN*
CO-ORDINATOR TO THE L.D.S. FORCES

WHEN in prayerful meditation a man confirms his faith in God, and sees that his world is essentially spiritual, although superficially it seems to be wholly material, he sees evidence everywhere of plan and purpose and design; he tries instinctively to relate himself to that plan, to find his place in the scheme of things. He becomes anxious to bring his life into harmony with God's will. This necessitates some changes in his habits. He wishes to forsake the wrong way—evil, the cause of misery—and seek the right way—good, which leads to happiness, to rich and radiant living.. This changing of one's course, forsaking bad habits, and adopting new and better ways of living, is in gospel language called repentance.

Repentance follows faith as effects follow causes. If repentance is genuine, it will lead to positive action. Admitting an obligation does not pay the debt. The debtor, wishing to clear the record, asks, "What shall I do?"

Saul of Tarsus, who later became the Apostle Paul, came suddenly to the point where he saw the error of his ways. He did not simply say, "Yes, Lord, I admit my error." He knew his conversion carried a definite obligation. He enquired of his heavenly visitor: "What wilt thou have me to do?" The Master, who had appeared to him on the way to Damascus, instructed him as to his future course. His faith was followed by true repentance, which necessitated an about-face, and called for the courage which is needed by all who espouse a new cause and forsake old habits and companions.

The method outlined in the first principles of the gospel is similar to the method employed in other problem-solving: There is first a sense of need because one does not have all the facts; then as he discovers these facts he finds them incompatible with some of his illusions, or with some things he esteemed as good. He must cast away his illusions, though he may have prized them as precious, and must accept what he had mistakenly esteemed as hateful. Such was Paul's experience, and such is the experience of all sincere searchers after truth whether in scientific or religious fields.

Problem-solving in the field of religion, however, differs from that in other fields because it has to do with the ultimate character of events rather than with superficial facts. It affects the whole personality for time and for eternity. It transformed Saul, the persecutor, into Paul, the apostle. After being instructed and seeing the light, Paul realised that his persecution of the Master was more harmful to himself than to anyone else. Jesus pointed out his folly and said, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." From that day until the present, men have been learning that wrongdoing is really kicking against the pricks, or injuring oneself. It is the folly which leads to sorrow, and if persisted in, to degradation.

Men sometimes give up in despair when they find they have yielded to wrongdoing. Sometimes they say to themselves, "What is the use of trying? I might as well go on in this course now that I have been overcome and have yielded to impulse and desire." This wily attempt by the adversary to drug his victims into complete surrender is as old as the story of Adam, and as false as its author.

All Service men know that many battles may be lost before a war is won. How reprehensible would be the soldier who would give up at the first unsuccessful encounter with the enemy. The courageous man, the hero, fights on in

the face of odds, changes his tactics, improves his skill, musters his courage, and attacks the enemy even though his sword be broken, but he never loses faith in final victory. He knows the quitter has no friends in either camp.

He who does wrong knowingly, intentionally, is a traitor to himself and to the cause he represents. It is unthinkable that any Service man would deliberately give the advantage to the enemy by surrendering his arms or carelessly walking into a booby trap. Unnecessarily exposing oneself to danger or being the victim of self-inflicted wounds is cowardly and is a punishable offence in all military organisations. Proper regard for one's safety so that he may continue to be a valuable fighting unit is enjoined on all Service men. The enemy would gloat if he could deceive our men into an ambush by false promises of security. The wise soldier never forgets that the enemy seeks only to destroy him.

So in life there is a cunning, wily enemy whose whole business is to prepare booby traps and lure men into them. He not only teaches the fool to say in his heart "There is no God," but he beguiles him into thinking that evil is desirable and inevitable. Sin is the devil's booby trap, and no amount of bravado will change the sinner's status. He who deliberately walks into a booby trap is a booby.

Do not allow either desire for the bait, nor curiosity to know the mechanism, lure you into any of his deadly traps, which often are cunningly camouflaged to deceive the unwary. And do not be deceived if what you have been taught to recognise as such a trap does not seem to spring at the first contact. Many of them are time bombs, but there are no duds in the armory of sin.

Some men are led to think that because the punishment is not immediate, the danger of sin has been exaggerated or avoided. We may be sure that all the devil's booby traps will explode eventually with deadly and undiscriminating effect.

Men sometimes feel that they can yield to what they are pleased to term some minor sins without danger of being overtaken by others, unmindful of the seductive power of the author of sin. Others seem to think they have found the safe way to avoid the consequences of their acts, and they advocate the false doctrine that effects do not follow causes. They should hearken to the voice of the Master, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." This law of the harvest is inexorable, eternal, and applies to all.

Be not deceived by the Satanic sophistry that all desires and appetites must be gratified. Remember that vice and vigour have nothing in common, that nothing is necessary that is wrong. Being true to one's self is evidence of character and requires courage and stamina, and fortitude and faith.

There is a tendency among Service men, as well as among civilians, to adopt the false notions of fatalism, to feel that it doesn't matter much what men do, that when their time comes they will be taken, and that death ends all anyway. Such people are deliberately limiting themselves to a narrowed outlook and a shorter view.

Life is eternal, and the law of cause and effect is operative beyond the grave, causes here becoming effects there. Let us remember that all we think and say and do goes on for ever; that what we are determines what we are to be; that we're masters of our fate; and that we will be held accountable for our actions.

Each man should consider his heritage; have sufficient pride to attempt to be worthy of it. Also each man should contemplate the solemn fact that, if he lives, he himself may be an ancestor of whom someone would like to be proud.

Experience teaches that no life can be strong or effective unless the voice of conscience is clearer than the voice of desire in that inner region where motives are formed. But conscience, if it is to be a safe guide, must be kept in tune with truth. For this purpose prayer—a two-way radio—is available to all.

Prayer is a source of power through which we may enlist the aid of the Almighty in attempting to solve our problems. He who prays daily has an unseen but all-powerful friend and companion who will comfort and encourage him, protect and guide him. He finds a

source of unfailing strength which gives mastery for the present and assurance for the future. Young men should neither be afraid nor ashamed to pray wherever they may be. While they will not flaunt their religious convictions or practices for purposes of notoriety, certainly they will not be ashamed to admit their faith in God. There is no better preparation for the day's battle with the enemy, seen or unseen, than to begin it with a prayer. To have spoken to God at the beginning of the day and to be mindful throughout the day that you are to talk with Him again at its close, is to enjoy a companionship which not only gives strength and courage for the conflict, but also helps to reveal the enemy for what he is and to unmask his agents and reveal his plots.

We have a fine example in the life of Abraham Lincoln, who, upon undertaking his tremendous task, prayed that the same Divine Power which had guided Washington would be with him, and said "With that aid I cannot fail, without it I cannot succeed." His life convinces us that faith and prayer are for the strong as well as for the weak, and that humility is a mark of true greatness.

We, who face such staggering problems today, cannot hope to succeed unless we, too, seek guidance of the same Power on which he and other great men constantly relied. Let us go forward under this slogan and thereby keep in tune with the Divine will.

May your thoughts and actions be such as to enable you to enjoy in full measure the glorious homecoming which awaits you. Your loved ones at home believe in you. Believe, therefore, in yourselves.

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# MINIATURE 'CHURCH NEWS' PREPARED FOR SERVICEMEN

TO 70,000 Latter-day Saint boys in the armed services will go this week a 12-page miniature edition of the "Church News," filled with selected material of interest to every boy.

Inaugurated by the First Presidency in order to keep more closely in touch with the thousands of L.D.S. members serving their country on every battle front, this first issue of the L.D.S. Servicemen's Edition of the "Church News" will contain inspirational material, vital messages, answers to questions and a summary of important news happenings within the Church. Questions pertaining to Church doctrines and activities arising in the minds of those away from home serving their country, may be sent to the L.D.S. Servicemen's committee, 47, East South Temple St., Salt Lake City, 1, Utah.

It will be published monthly and distributed free of charge through the bishops of wards to all members of the Church in military service.

A need for such a medium for communicating more readily with Church members was indicated by the many reports coming from the combat areas which told of long delays, some as much as six months, in receiving the larger Church publications. Due to certain regulations, which required that the soldier must personally request publications to be sent, difficulties arose which this small edition will overcome.

Small enough to fit inside the regular envelope, it can now be sent by first-class mail by parents and relatives writing to these men.

In order to facilitate distribution of this small edition full co-operation of bishoprics and parents is solicited. This week postal cards were sent to all bishops in the Church asking for the number of Servicemen from each ward. Upon receipt of this information sufficient copies will immediately be mailed to each bishop reporting, who in turn is requested by the General Authorities to distribute them to parents of boys and girls in the Service.

Bishops are urged to return the information required promptly and to correct lists as soon as additions are made.

# THE GOSPEL IN THE CORNFIELDS

## A MESSAGE ON ROGATIONTIDE

*BROADCAST BY* **ADRIAN BELL**

AMONG the Mormon pioneers of Western America it was a common practice, which is still observed in many places, for the father to take his family—often a large family of ten to fourteen children—into the field after the planting of the crops was finished and there, in the early morning, to kneel with their mother and them, to ask God's blessing on the seed, the soil and the weather, that good crops might be grown and garnered. The prayer ended with the simple acknowledgement that "all things are in Thy hands and unto Thee be honour and praise for evermore."

This simple ceremony was repeated with modifications to suit the season, in the fall, after the crops were harvested, when a prayer of thanksgiving was said by the grateful father as his family knelt with him in the grain field.

The following article not only revives memories of these experiences but makes one wonder if such habits of prayer and praise and thanksgiving had their origin in the English countryside, from which many of these pioneers came, where their ancestors observed Rogationtide.—ED.

AS I sat milking my cows in Suffolk this morning it occurred to me that, to a man who keeps cows every Sunday is quite literally "Farm Sunday". But then I thought, this is Rogation Sunday, and that has, or did have, a special meaning for all countrymen. "Rogation" is not a very descriptive word to modern ears. If you remember any of the Latin you learned at school, you will probably say to yourself, "That has something to do with asking". But much more descriptive to my mind is a phrase I found in a book I picked up in an old moated manor house down in West Suffolk. It was a collection of all the festivities which our ancestors observed in the course of their farming year. They filled three volumes of that book. Of Rogationtide it said, Gospels were read in the cornfields. Gospels—not in church, but in the cornfields, in these cornfields that we have sweated in, got footsore, handsore, backsore in. That seems to mix up Sunday with week-days.

### The Gospel in the Cornfields

It seems that our ancestors did mix up Sunday with week-days; they used to go out into the fields in procession: parson and choir, in their white surplices, among the white hawthorn, and the people following; and the children carrying poles around which they had twisted all the flowers of May. And they would stand and read the Gospels in the corn. And ask a blessing on the corn and all the crops; on your corn, and my corn, and our neighbour's corn. And you, and I, and our neighbour would be there. We had worked hard for that corn; from as long ago as last harvest time we had been working for it. Yet we felt that our work alone, our utmost, was not enough. We called on a Power beyond our power. And George Herbert—that pattern of all country parsons—told his people, if any of them had a dispute with another to make it up and be friends as they walked together through the fields on Rogation Sunday.

Now one of the chief causes of dispute in the country is still a doubtful boundary. Whose ditch is that? Whose business is it to cut that hedge? Well, Rogationtide served a double purpose; they asked a blessing on the corn, and they went in a friendly crowd to reaffirm their faith in the power of place. It was particularly important to our forefathers that all the *young* people should be there on these occasions, that the bounds of their native village should be indelibly stamped on their memories. They "beat the bounds": sometimes they even beat the boys, to make the lesson more forcible. The object was to make the young vividly aware of their home place as a whole: its hills and valleys, streams and orchards, fields and farms. It was in every sense a homely festival.

**Have We Grown Out of Anything?**

Perhaps we have grown out of all that. Just as grown men and women no longer dance round maypoles on a May morning. We do not express ourselves like that any more: so we have no clue to just how people *do* feel about these things today. Have we grown out of anything? The spirit may be dancing, while the body, wrapped in some gloomy old garment, is stooping over a few blossoms or broccoli in a garden. They say that the tractor has taken the song out of the fields. And yet I often sing on my tractor on a spring morning—sing out loud, perhaps because I know that no one can hear me, not even the wagtail who stands beside my tractor. I do not know where he comes from, but he is always there, perched on a clod about a yard away, his tail going up and down, waiting for the tractor to pass and the harrows it pulls to turn up grubs for him. He has not the slightest fear of it, or of the noise it makes. He seems to accept it into the natural order of things.

But now, say that Rogation Day procession came winding through my fields, through the clover layer for instance, and past the winter oats, into my wheat field. Should I accept into the natural order of things, as easily as the wagtail seems to accept my tractor, the parson standing ankle-deep in green wheat, blessing the crops? Could it really make any difference to the wheat—as sulphate of ammonia does—to say a prayer over it? We remember that this ceremony had its origin in a pagan Roman procession, and was grafted on to Christianity. Does it savour just a bit to us of superstition and the childhood of the race? As though we should shut up our minds to scientific knowledge and do exactly as our forefathers did: plough, sow, reap, in exactly the same way, and ascribe success or failure to divine pleasure or displeasure.

After all, they did grow some good crops in those days. And what had they got to grow them with? Practically speaking, only three implements, a plough, a wooden-framed harrow, and a wooden roll—just a tree-trunk. Now we have tractors, disc-drills, combine-harvesters, sulphate of ammonia, nitrate of soda. And yet why should we think that we have killed romance—whatever that may be—by calling a thing by a chemical formula? Say sulphate of ammonia had been called, instead, the elixir of spring? I can imagine our ancestors giving it a name something like that. They would not have let their sense of wonder be crushed by such a little thing as a chemical formula. After all, these chemicals were in the earth long before we were, and it is absurd to think that because we have given them what we consider a dull name, we have therefore banished the mystery of beauty, nourishment and life. Or that it is archaic to read the Gospels in the fields where the tractor has been at work. Or that the New Testament is less new than the latest earth-stirring device; less realistic; less applicable to the business in hand.

**Power in the Land**

Mechanical power makes no difference; we can never have enough power in farming. Earth is such stubborn stuff; how heavy just one spadeful is to turn. Like the sea, it will tame the greatest machines we can turn out, no doubt of that. Think for a moment of a modern transatlantic liner, and the festival of human glorification that goes to its launching—flags flying, crowds cheering, as she takes the water—and then see her, a tiny speck, battling for her life in an Atlantic storm. It is just the same on the land. The diesel tractor that was draining my fields last week generates less power than a few yards of the hedge in spring. You see, we do not just live in the country; we have to cope with it, and we can never have enough power. Not only the power of oxen and horses, but now the power of oil. And not only this, but other powers—the impulse to burst forth in the grain of wheat, the power of bees to fertilise our fruit and white clovers, a whole complex of power, mysteriously co-ordinated. Mysterious, yes; it still is. All the really great farmers I have known have been essentially humble men. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness." That is exactly what the good farmer is doing all the time. He is hungering and thirsting after soil righteousness, to pass on the treasure of

its fertility in increased measure. He is poor in spirit only in that he is diffident. He will not admit that he really knows much about farming. "I'm always learning," he will say, after seventy-odd years at it.

You see, the wheel of the seasons turns so slowly. The industrial producer sees his machinery revolve many times a day. It turns out for him so many motor cars, or so many tractors, but the farmer, as a farmer, sees very few harvests by comparison—forty or fifty perhaps, at the outside; the stockbreeder no more than twenty generations of his most prized pedigree animals. He has not much time for experiment, and he has to think very hard and act with a deep sense of responsibility, on account of the fewness of his chances. That is where you get the loving care, the sense of style and finish—what you might call the soul in farming—because he cannot just say, as a manufacturer can, "Scrap it," and design a new model. He is working within the limits of something as small in years as a parish boundary is in space; and that too is his opportunity, because if you do well by the land, you have to do well with all your being. Only in that sense are you whole—healthy—holy. The good farmer's work is prayer, and the good farm man's. His walking out into his fields makes of every day a Rogation Day. The fields are his home, more than his house. How much of a home a field can become to you; the rootfield, for instance, in which you have worked all summer, sowing, singling, hoeing, carting, had your dinner sitting under the ash-tree by the pond there, your tea leaning up against the old wooden roller in the corner.

So Rogationtide is very suitably devoted to the spirit of the place—a very real spirit to the man who works in the fields. A modern philosopher has described us people of twentieth-century Europe as "spiritual nomads', that is to say, that although you and I have certain addresses where letters find us, that we call "home", spiritually, mentally, we have no longer any home—no longer any traditional well-founded belief to which the heart flies for comfort as instinctively as a bird to its nest—as a swallow from Africa flies to the eaves of the cottage in England that sheltered it last summer. Boundaries are not mere accidents, and we are not mere accidental atoms adrift in time and space; we are part of a continuing process.

Aircraft fly at 400 miles an hour; cars, ships, trains, rush to and fro, but the old wooden stile is still there, marking our right of way; and the stream, and the ditch, and the hedge, and the wood—these are our boundaries, and they are as true for us as for those who lie in the churchyard. We live naturally within natural walls that were the home of our ancestors. We can go on creating the life that they began. The sheltered bank, where the first primroses come out, can be as familiar to us as it was to them, and as delightful. Or, we can break down these boundaries, and smudge our individuality, merging place into place, and trying to achieve ever larger units of life. Yet we can never better simple beauty, the sheer love and delight that they had in May-time in the old familiar place. You can build a city, but you can only grow a home. Charity begins at home, and so does civilisation. I do not believe you can found world government by being merely world-conscious. Only if you know and love your own home, will you respect other people's. Only if you cherish your own native ways and speech can you be enriched by foreign travel. Standardisation is one huge minus quantity.

So is it not time for us to beat our bounds? To rediscover a faith to be at home in, as peculiarly English as an English country church, founded in home fields? And to ask a blessing on the corn growing in those fields, that it shall be the bread of *our* life? That is the message of Rogationtide.

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**NOTICE**

The premises in London now being untenantable through enemy action has necessitated the removal of the Mission Office to Birmingham.

Please address all future communcations to:

23, Booth Street,
Handsworth,
Birmingham, 21.

INTRODUCING

# THE SECRETARY TO THE BRITISH MISSION

ELDER
NORMAN
DUNN

FOR some reason he reminded me of the young Mr. Chips. It may have been that indefinable air of having once been a schoolmaster, or perhaps the singularly youthful, almost naive sincerity of the man. I don't know. But something about him recalled, most pleasantly, that beloved figure whose heart God made big enough to encompass a few hundred boys, with their world of hot rebellions and sudden surrender, of tooth-aches and heart-aches, and all the glorious, tiresome paraphernalia of young adolescence. Elder Norman Dunn had the same sensitive air associated with scholarship, the same desire for precision, the same unexpected humour. I was a little astonished to discover that he is sixty-two.

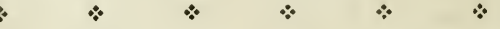
When working with Brother Dunn, though the Mr. Chips impression persists, one begins to appreciate the reason he was called to labour as President Brown's assistant in handling the affairs of the British Mission. Those saints with whom he has been associated since his baptism in 1913 do not evince the slightest surprise at his selection. To them it is the natural fruit of the tree. His nature and character had already affixed the stamp of inevitability to some such appointment.

Brother Dunn was first counsellor in the Handsworth Branch Presidency in 1923, and President of the branch in 1930. Five years later he wa appointed President of the Birmingham District by Mission President Joseph J. Cannon, an office in which he has laboured with distinction and achievement until his release in June, 1944.

Music has in him a sincere devotee, especially choral music. He related to me the story of how he once enjoyed taking first place in a choral contest in which one of his old professors of music was also competing. Mr. Chips himself could not have bettered the way he added, with a twinkle, " Of course, I apologised, afterwards."

" Now that I am here at the Mission Headquarters, I am hoping to get in some real study of the Gospel," he told me. " I have been so long absorbed in the administrative side of Church work, I have not had the opportunity to study as I would have liked. I think study is very necessary, and now I hope to devote some time to it."

We extend, to Brother Dunn, our sincere wishes and our prayers for his success and deep joy in his new and important position, and we add our love and affection for him and his family.



God has two dwellings!
One in Heaven and the other in a
meek and thankful heart.

*Izaak Walton*

# OUR
# British 'Mission Mother'
## And Relief Society President

SISTER
F.B.B.
DUNN

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.
The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her . . .
She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life."

IN these and similar terms of praise spoke Solomon, with that supreme insight which accompanies wisdom; and though he wrote centuries ago, his description of the splendid wife and mother still applies. So when the writer sought adequate terms to pay tribute to the new British Mission Relief Society President he felt he could do no better than quote from the Proverbs of Solomon (Chap. 31.)

"She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy." Mingling with a very practical strain runs the "milk of human kindness." One recalls her tender solicitude for helpless creatures on many occasions; her undertaking to nurse the ailing, crying babe of a stranger mother who was entering hospital for treatment; the entertainment of a respectable "tramp" at her table, besides years of service in Relief Society.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." Sister Dunn's love of order is strong and insistent. Combined with intense industry, artistic taste, and unusual domestic ability, this has enabled her to become outstanding as a "home-maker," and she has enjoyed the privilege of entertaining many scores of guests, including President Grant. Like those of some other sisters, her home has been "open house" to all Church members and friends.

Thrift and self-reliance have characterised her life. When her mother was left with two daughters in their early teens, and only a meagre income, Florence (the younger of the two) relinquished the unremunerative job of a probationer-teacher and became self-supporting.

Her firmness and courage—moral and physical—are not surprising in one descended from good old English and Welsh Nonconformist stock, with a French-Protestant admixure.

Usually hidden, but evident to those who know her best, is a sense of humour; just as seeming austerity sometimes obscures the real tenderness of her heart.

Her love for her husband and four surviving children (the first having passed on in 1922) shows itself in painstaking care and self-sacrifice for their well-being. Wisely she refrains from over-sentimentalism.

Sister Dunn has imbibed and applied thoroughly Relief Society ideals, but is ready to receive instruction or advice. As president in Handsworth (Birmingham) and later as district supervisor she has served for 22 years.

Devotion to the Gospel was epitomized in her undertaking to perform "menial"(?) work in order that her elder son, Melvin W., might fill one of the gaps in the missionary ranks during the war time.

The most appropriate termination of this short sketch probably is this further quotation:

"Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

"Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." (Prov. 31:28 and 30.)

# LONDON!

## THROUGH THE AMERICAN EYES

**of Lt. J. Allen Jansen**

THERE'S no doubt about it—London is a big city. And yet, judging by the way Americans look at cities, in some ways London is just a small town. For instance, the typical comment of Americans about London is that the sidewalks are all rolled up at about eleven o'clock. In America some cities begin to wake up at that time. All *towns* go to bed at eleven or perhaps a little earlier, but it doesn't seem quite right to the American that a city should do so.

Getting down to some of the more important things in my mind I remember the peculiar sensation which travelled the length of my spine when I first saw the Houses of Parliament. I had seen pictures of the buildings, I had heard the sound of Big Ben, I had read of the Mother of Parliaments in history, and when I could see the buildings, really, and actually touch them, I felt an immense amount of personal satisfaction. To me, those buildings represented an idea, that men were capable of governing themselves and that they had fought and died for that idea. Those buildings had been dedicated to that concept, and I was glad to see them. It doesn't make any difference right now whether or not that idea has been actually realised, the effort has been and still is being made, and that I think is one of the greatest challenges of mankind.

Passing by the Parliament buildings also brought me into contact with Westminster Abbey, and that was interesting, too, because it is the national shrine of England. The kings of England are crowned there, they are buried there, also the famous men of letters. I enjoyed seeing "Poets' Corner". I had heard of it when I was just a youngster from one of my school teachers who had just returned from a trip to England.

I was surprised to see so many warriors buried in the Abbey and also in St. Paul's Cathedral. It had always seemed to me that Christianity and war had very little in common, and so I was surprised to see the tombs of the great warriors and the battle flags of the armies hung inside the Churches and Cathedrals. I wondered, musing to myself, if this was what was called the "Church Militant".

One of the things to see in London is the dome of St. Paul's. It seems a monument of solidity. It emphasizes the strength of the British people. I can still conjure up the pictures I have seen of London, in smoke and flames, after a heavy blitz, and above it all the dome of St. Paul's, standing as a bulwark against the terrifying forces of destruction. St. Paul's stands for London and the solidness of the people.

The cathedrals of London that I liked best, however, were the ones I found in the parks, amid the trees. Broad, green-carpeted aisles I found with beams of sunlight streaming through the leafy windows. Here, I could forget that I was in a city at all. The trees, the sunlight, the earth itself, breathed peace, and it was welcome.

I have thought about the blitzed areas of London. My heart has gone out to the people who stood up against the bombing when they had no allies, no defences, no hope, but a deep-rooted, almost savage determination to stick it out, to hold on with bulldog tenacity and

LONDON IS OURS! BATTERED, WAR-SCARRED, THE HEART OF OUR EMPIRE. IT IS BUILT ON THE ROCK OF TRADITION, HISTORY, HUMAN ERROR AND ACHIEVEMENT . . .

HOW DOES IT LOOK THROUGH NEW WORLD EYES?

never give up. I was sorry in the realisation that thousands of these people had been killed and thousands more had lost their homes. I hope that the people who lived in these shattered areas, these poor people, for the most part, will, in the future, be given new homes, better than they have ever known.

I like rivers, and I like the old Thames. To my mind the Thames makes London what it is. The life of the city pulsates with the ebb and flow of the tide up the river. I like to loiter along the embankment and see the tugboats and the barges go up and down. I like to go down by the docks and watch the steamers unload their cargoes. The riverside is a fascinating place.

Then there is London Bridge. I was mildly surprised to find that London Bridge and Tower Bridge were two different things. London Bridge itself, though, became a reality, and it brought back all the old memories of childhood when I used to sing with all the other kids in the neighbourhood: "London Bridge is falling down!" I'm fond of all kinds of bridges, and London has plenty of them—enough to satisfy even me. They are friendly bridges, too: they seem to invite you to stand and watch the river traffic go beneath them and the land traffic go over them, for hours on end. I guess every city that has a bridge in it is like this, but the London bridges are different.

I know of no place that gives one the feeling of the greatness of the British Empire so much as Trafalgar Square, with its towering monument to Nelson. The tall pinnacles of achievement in empire building are all crowned by some heroic figure like Nelson, Rhodes, Clive, Gordon or Wellington. Whether the dreams they had will, in the last analysis be right or wrong, I do not pretend to know, but they were heroic. They were great, and through their exploits Britain became great.

But other people contributed to Britain's greatness: the people one meets every day in the streets of London. These are the people like you and me, just plain, ordinary, hard-working people. They all have one thing in common: their roots are deep in the solid earth, they are British, and they always will be. I found them to be kind, most courteous and willing to help anyone in need.

The biggest city in the world certainly transports a lot of people. Electric trains, the innumerable buses, the apparently countless stations and the ever-busy, ever-rushing underground trains stand out in my mind. Lacking apparent organisation, but everywhere present, are the London taxicabs. They bring back thoughts of tight U-turns in narrow streets, jumping to get out of their way, and always wondering which way they would turn next because each driver seems to make his own traffic rules.

I'll never forget the wail of sirens or the thunderous ack-ack barrage which the anti-aircraft batteries heave into the sky. I shall always remember the unique institutions of self-government, Parliament, cathedrals and abbeys, and the stories behind the British Empire. I think about the Londoners, the sharp-witted Cockneys. I think about the parks, the statues, the Embankment, omnibuses and undergrounds. And very often as I think about Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens my mind turns to the Albert Memorial. I look at it from all angles and I say to myself: "I wonder if Victoria really loved Albert?"

## JUSTICE WITHOUT VENGEANCE

BY the use of modern scientific inventions large cities like London and Berlin have been brought into, at least, the second line of battle, they are under devastating fire. Millions of civilians, without any of the basic training which hardens the soldier for the rigours of war, find themselves at grips with the monster in their own neighbourhood, on their own street, or amid the ruins of their own homes.

This sudden flooding of the sullen, murky stream beyond its banks spreads ruin and havoc far beyond its accustomed channel and threatens an epidemic of miasma and utter desolation. The danger of which we speak is more sinister than that which takes lives and destroys property. Seeds are being sown in the muck, the backwash of war, which, if allowed to grow and mature will bring a harvest of desolation and despair.

We regret that responsible persons in the Press and on the radio advocate the culture among our people of the very virus which our enemies have broadcast in their effort to exterminate all whom they could not conquer. Seeing the effect of hate they still suggest the paradox of overcoming the effect by increasing the cause. The public mind is being nourished with a daily diet of vengeance and malignancy. The atmosphere of war stimulates primitive impulses in the centres of our civilisation where bombines prepare the soil for these poisonous seeds which are blown across the Channel by the foetid breath of Mars.

We have witnessed some of the effects of the flying bombs, and know something of the dull terror among the civilians of quiet neighbourhoods where one bomb razes a dozen homes, burying the families in the debris while hundreds of other homes are made untenantable. We can understand the rising sense of indignation and the burning desire to strike back as fathers and mothers carry little mangled forms away from burning ruins. But we still take issue with those who advocate reprisals and attempt to whip up primitive impulses by encouraging vengeance and hate and calling for an eye for an eye, or, if possible two eyes or four.

In spite of our boasted mastery of the elements and our vaunted mechanical efficiency, we have not yet succeeded in changing the law of the harvest with its inexorable decree that like shall beget like. Throughout the ages retaliation has brought more retaliation as soon as the vanquished could rise and strike. There is little hope of saving our civilisation by retaliatory measures amidst the mounting ingenuity of aerial warfare. A seedtime of hate will always be followed by a harvest of misery.

We are not unmindful of the necessity of opposing force with force until we are in a position to dictate terms to those who have relied upon the exploitation of primitive impulses to raise them to world mastery.

But our victory will be followed by another war, which is to say we shall lose as surely as they have lost if we employ the same mental weapons or adopt any of their lethal indoctrination. No, the antidote must not be more of the same thing, but rather its antithesis, something with greater vitality than the menace we seek to erradicate. Light will dispel darkness, truth will triumph over error, but adding to the darkness or the error is sheer madness. Two wrongs never made a right.

For nearly two thousand years most of the nations which are now at war have professed to be followers of Jesus of Nazareth, the Prince of Peace. Christians in these nations have spent fabulous sums on churches and cathedrals, they have adopted creeds and ceremonies and liturgies. Parliaments have established State churches and levied taxes on the people to support them, missionaries have been sent to the "heathen" nations to give them the enlightenment of Christianity. And yet Christian nations

today vie with each other, while locked in a colossal struggle, each trying to devise more effective methods of mass killing.

We of the united nations are convinced that we fight only to resist aggression and to thwart the ambitions of power-maddened tyrants. We have found it necessary to use some of the measures adopted by our enemies in order to prevent their domination and the subjugation of the world. But only to the extent that we stamp out the satanic doctrines which they have sought to impose shall we ourselves be worthy of victory and equal to the grave responsibility which it will bring.

Now that we have superior strength and the means and numbers at our disposal to defeat the enemy we must watch our propaganda and eliminate any poison which the enemy, at home or abroad, may seek to inject. We quote Professor Bowie: "You can fight evil and not become its victim; you can espouse a great cause without arousing primitive action. Men do not fight better by frothing at the mouth. Leaders of the countries which sing their hymns of hate will learn when it is too late that wars are not won by dosing people up with a lot of synthetic hatred. Wars are won by clear thinking, positive purpose and disciplined will, and these are needed in civilian life as well as on the field of battle. Hate is a poison in the blood, and if injected during the war it will find some class or race or religion on which to vent itself when the present object of its venom has been destroyed. A world order conceived and built according to principles of justice and human consideration cannot be created by men still stupid and truculent with the hangovers of deliberate hating. It will require men whose souls have been big enough to keep sober in a maddened time."

The leaders of the United Nations need vision as they assume the stupendous obligation of bringing a maddened world back to sanity: vision which is not visionary, which is supported by the courage to act on the basis of prophetic insight. If we are to set the pattern and make the blueprints of an international structure we must insist that the materials used are according to the specifications of the Master Builder. "Except the Lord build the house they labour in vain who build it."

If we would build a world order based on the moral law courage must accompany discrimination if faulty and dangerous materials are to be rejected. Only those materials which have been tempered in the gospel kiln will be accepted. In this world structure there will be no place for hate or reprisals or vengeance. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay."

We are not pleading for a soft hand in dealing with the criminals who have caused so much misery. They should be brought to judgment and punished. But wherever discipline is to be maintained, whether in the family, the community or among the nations, corrections and punishments if they are to be salutary, must be void of vengeance, made and administered without rancour, malice or hatred.

Madame Chiang Kai Shek, whose people have as much provocation as any people anywhere, recommends the Christian spirit to the Christian nations in these words:

"There must be no bitterness in the reconstructed world. No matter what we have undergone or suffered, we must try to forgive those who injured us and remember only the lessons gained thereby."

Let us heed the noble words of Abraham Lincoln who, at the end of four years of bitter warfare, called upon his countrymen, victors and vanquished alike, to approach the stupendous task of reconstruction with charity for all and with malice toward none.

*Hugh B. Brown*

# *An Overview of*
# MORMON RECREATION

SOME time ago, Mr. G. W. Reed, an attorney of Uhrichsville, Ohio, came to Salt Lake City and spent several days visiting old friends. Among these were former students from the days when he taught in the Salt Lake High School nearly half a century ago. Mr. Reed is an active member of a Protestant Church, but he took special occasion to learn what the Mutual Improvement Association is doing for its young people. Recently we received a letter, part of which we quote below:

"When I talked with you last summer something was said about the possibility of your being induced to come here and tell us what the Latter-day Saints have done for their young folks in the way of directed cultural recreation. Later you very kindly sent me considerable of your printed material which I believe is being used somewhat effectively.

"Just now the city is buying a building to be used, at least in part, for such recreational purposes as we are discussing. I believe that now the people of the different churches and the citizens of Uhrichsville and Dennison generally are in a mood to give very interested attention to what you would tell us about your remarkably successful and well organised work. Last evening a group of the officials of our largest church authorised me to write to you.

"Please let me know if and when you can come to address a public meeting here and on what financial terms."

Travel conditions prevent going to Ohio on this interesting errand, but it suggests a line of thought that might have been developed.

The two men who gave direction to our way of living more than any others were Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, the first and second presidents of the Church. There were a number of reasons for their attitude towards recreation in a time when it seemed in some of its aspects so sinful to many Protestants.

In the case of Joseph Smith, who as founder, more deeply influenced the group than any other man, there was a natural background besides the philosophical one for his liberal attitude. Because of his declaration of having had heavenly visitations at the age of fourteen, he was shunned by many Church people and considered an outcast by them. This led him into the company of the less pious where fun and the natural pleasures were appreciated. He, feeling that the religious were mixing a good deal of hypocrisy with their forms and attitudes, came to look upon these very critically.

Brigham Young, brought up in a strict home where it was a sin, for example, to play the violin on the Sabbath day, and rebelling in his heart against puritanical rules, was prepared when he came into the association of Joseph Smith and his associates to join wholeheartedly in fostering wholesome recreation, relaxing fun, and the cultural activities.

More than the social background of these men is the Latter-day Saints' conception of present living and of the future life. They accept the words from the Book of Mormon: "Men are that they might have joy." That belief went along very harmoniously with years of persecution, where drivings and bloodshed were their constant lot. They took no short range view of joy. It was worth waiting for. But their outlook on living was a happy one. Life might be a vale of tears and should be endured with fortitude, but normally life should be pleasant and the years filled with enjoyable and broadening experiences.

Moreover, the hereafter assumed definite oulines in harmony with the same conception. Heaven is a place of progress, eternal growth, associations with the great and wise, a place were we are trained to the ultimate purpose of our-

selves creating and peopling earths. Below the level of heaven, the delinquent children of God, not to be punished more than justly for their wrong-doing, will also progress within their spheres and will find (with a very few exceptions) ultimate happiness.

The Mormon people whatever their previous beliefs and inhibitions, came to give value to all experience that did not contravene divine laws. They had a passion for education. Out of the desert they built a theatre comparable to anything in America. Their construction of the organ of the great tabernacle at Salt Lake City is one of the romances of art. At their parties, where people paid for entrance with products of thier farms or homes, the president and the apostles of the church mingled and danced with zest and skill equal to any.

With this friendy approach to recreation the Mormon people have created an unusually intimate association between leisure-time activities and Church functions. They have built recreation halls as part of their meeting-house structures. In some of these, stages have been provided with cycloramas or box sets or both, and with lighting systems. The chairs can be removed and the hardwood floors are accommodated to dancing. This is the common combination. More recent structures have flat walls, protected windows and equipment for basketball games.

These provisions for recreation have cost many millions of dollars. We are not entirely satisfied with them, because there is a growing need for athletic accommodations that were not thought of or at least provided when many of the halls were built. There is a strong movement in the Church for such alterations.

During his later years Brigham Young set up the Mutual Improvement Associations for the young people. These two auxiliary organisations work together in many relationships, but are officered by men in the one and women in the other, and some of their activities are distinct. They are part of the structure of each ward. Their work is definitely religious, but they have the general recreation work of the Church also for all over twelve years of age. Those younger are cared for by the Primary Association with a fine imaginative and handicraft programme which, too, is definitely religious.

The Mutual divides its members into age groups. Boys from twelve to fourteen are Boy Scouts and registered with the B.S.A. Girls of the same age have Bee Hive work, which corresponds with similar girl programmes such as that of Girl Scouts. The young men, fifteen to seventeen, are Senior Scouts, and the girls, fifteen and sixteen, are Juniors. Above these to twenty-four the young men are M Men and the young women are Gleaners. Above this age are the Special Interest groups.

Some of the features of the Mutual work are for example:

The "Treasures of Truth" and "My Story," by the Gleaner and Junior Girls. These are intimate compilations of the personal history of the owners with all that they desire to record of family background, spiritual experiences, important current events, and cultural situations that touch their lives.

The development for Senior Scouts of the programme of the Rounded-Out Man, with the purpose of preparing a youth to walk into adulthood, able to hold his own and maintain poise and respect in polite or rough society.

The M Men and Gleaner banquets and dances, where the young people meet under the finest cultural conditions and establish lasting friendships and even closer ties.

The freedom of the Special Interest groups to take up subjects that meet the needs or desires of the members for a short or a long course. More than a hundred different books or subjects were chosen by these groups during the

current year. More than one can be organised in the same Mutual, so that people of similar tastes can pursue the study or discussion course together. These may be religious or cultural as the members desire.

The annual Gold and Green Ball, with its characteristic floor show, is a lovely feature. The floor show has done much to keep dancing as one of the aesthetic arts in the midst of modern dancing with modern music.

The annual basketball tournament of the M Men, when sixteen teams, after competition in wards, stakes and divisions, come to play for the championship and sportsmanship cups at Salt Lake City. The latter trophy is awarded by vote of all the players themselves. The young men who participate must be non-users of alcoholic drinks and tobacco and of good moral character.

The June conference held at Salt Lake City each year during normal times, when for three days or more the officers outline the work for the coming year, events. One of these has been in times past a great choral group, some 1,500, under the direction of Mr. Noble Cain or other director of similar standing. An annual feature is the great dance festival at Saltair, when young people chosen from all parts of the country come to participate. Many of them bring original group dances.

Leadership is almost entirely voluntary, and in many cases is not trained well enough, though of course the very attempt at leadership is a training for the person called. If given the position of speech director, drama director, dance instructor, or music director, he or she must seriously prepare to lead others. The resulting performance may be lacking in desirable artistic qualities, but if talent exists, it has some opportunities to be discovered.

Broad and large there are a great amount of enthusiasm and an amazing willingness to do hard work to make the world better and a more beautiful place in which to live.

"Improvement Era."

★ ★ ★ ★

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT AND THE ROCHDALE GREYS

# FAREWELL—
# *'RAVENSLEA'*

THERE are trees in London, massive horse-chestnuts, oaks and exotic magnolias. "Ravenslea" looks out upon an avenue of them, green and heavy, in England's fitful weather sometimes drenched in sunlight, frequently dark and deluged by the rain; always beautiful, incredible, like a flower growing in asphalt.

The first day it happened, "Ravenslea" was browsing in unexpected sunshine. There was a noise like bees in the air . . . my mind played with the memory of Mendelssohn's "Bee's Wedding." I looked up, idly curious, and saw the small noisy plane pass over the noon-drunk trees. When the explosion shattered the quiet I felt a thrill of shock. The trees were still, the sunlight shone greenly through them. It was peaceful . . . but over to the north a tall pillar of yellow smoke was rising to the sky. The Robots had arrived.

I slept, that night, in a room overlooking the quiet grounds of "Ravenslea." There were tall windows open to the sky. . . . I remember it was very blue. The siren wailed shortly after eleven, and after the first explosion I fell asleep, not peacefully, but with a sort of determination not to be afraid. I remember saying to myself, soundlessly but emphatically: "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."

At five o'clock I felt a pressure on my arm which told me that my missionary companion was wakeful. There was an angry drone, heavy and startlingly near, approaching the window. I lay, tense as wire, waiting. . . . "He that keepeth Israel . . ."

The engine stopped, and the quiet was hideous. I tried to breathe, and was afraid to. The silence was shattered into a million splinters as the Robot fell, two hundred yards away. The windows were no more, but lay in long slivers of silver on the unrelieved blackness of the carpet. Dust was thick in the air. . . . I got up.

"Put on your shoes, dear." The sister from much-bombed Lowestoft was practical though shaken. Outside, the sound of cars and A.R.P. services speeding to the rescue made me wish I was not cursed with imagination.

At six o'clock, Elder Cunningham came. "It's the Jews' Home," he said.

I felt sick. "He that keepeth Israel. . . ." There was something pitiful, stark and tragic about it. . . . They had suffered so long.

Sunday was a day of delicious heat and breezes that combed the trees with capricious, untidy hands. There was the sound of running water in "Ravenslea" and the bustle which accompanies the preparation for a baptism.

A small white-clad figure delivered himself into the hands of an Elder brother as overhead the Robots droned. There was no fear in that room, only the peace of God. The heart of the Mission was beating steadily, quietly. Outside, the siren sobbed like a woman in whose heart there is sorrow and no hope.

They were not sad days. True, the ceiling had caved in, the windows were gone and the front door had a detached look about it, but the Holy Spirit still breathed there .

We left "Ravenslea" when it became impossible to live there. The ship was badly damaged. The captain was loth to leave. But we could do no more.

This morning we knelt together in the Chapel at Handsworth, united and safe. I remembered "Ravenslea" among the trees. . . .

"He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."

EDITH RUSSELL.

# Plain Living and High Thinking

By Milton Bennion

ONE of the greatest troubles of this generation in the so-called civilized nations is that there has been altogether too much high living and plain thinking. The development of applied physical and biological sciences and the concentration of capital have made possible the exploitation of the natural resources of the earth and the further concentration of wealth with its counterpart, increase in the propertyless classes, a condition "where wealth accumulates and men decay," as noted by a great English poet; all contrary to the psalmist's prayer, "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

High living of the wealthy tends to stimulate persons of lesser means to live beyond their incomes, which very commonly leads to more concern about money than character. The resulting financial difficulties multiply troubles and dishonest practices. This situation also makes the privations of the poor seem to them the more oppressive.

The application of wealth to productive enterprises and cultural opportunities made available to all who are, or may become, appreciative of these values will tend to promote the well-being of all members of the communities. Such a condition would be entirely in accord with the Gospel of Jesus Christ as revealed in the scriptures, both ancient and modern. Yet there are in our time influential persons who have developed a new version of the Sermon on the Mount, including, stated bluntly, such beatitudes as these:

"Blessed are the rich for they shall inherit the earth."

"Damn the poor; they deserve all their misery."

It requires no profound thinking to foresee the ultimate social consequences of this type of thinking, if it may be dignified by calling it thought.

"Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me."

The messages of the Old Testament prophets as set forth in the Gospel Doctrine lessons for the current year are typical of the messages of the prophets of all the ages. In some respects they are still more explicit in the gospels and the epistles of the New Testament and in the gospel as revealed in the Book of Mormon and in the Doctrine and Covenants. The fundamental religious principles set forth in these scriptures are not likely to be radically changed with the passing of time and change in social situations, although these changes may call for different methods of applying basic principles. In no case, however, can the passage of time justify perversion of God-given principles.

Voluntary idleness and indifference cannot, of course, be justified. There are, however, idle rich as well as idle poor, and indifference and selfishness may be found among both rich and poor. Men are to be judged by what they are, rather than by their material possessions or lack of such. The poor are by no means always responsible for their poverty, nor are the rich always deserving of their riches. There must be other standards of judging the worth of human beings, among them:

Willingness to co-operate with their fellows in furthering to the umost the common good of all. This calls for plain living and high thinking, seeking first of all the spiritual values and using material values as means to these ends. Both should be made available to all who are willing to do their utmost toward developing a social order based upon justice, kindness, and brotherly love.

# WOMAN'S SPHERE

**A Message from Relief Society President.**
**—Florence B. Dunn.**

DEAR Sisters of the British Mission Relief Societies,

My own feelings at the thought of the privileges and responsibilities in my new position are very mixed indeed.

For the past twenty years I have been privileged to labour constantly with a fine set of sisters in what President Fielding Smith called " the most important of all organisations " of the Church. Certain it is I always have sensed its deepest responsibilities as a mother in the Church, and today that sense is intensified by my new call.

I realise to the utmost that without your kind co-operation, and particularly those who hold office. I cannot make the success it demands. Therefore I ask you all for your faith, your prayers and your love, for today as never before is an indication of need for making use of that organisation.

The evacuation scheme, for instance. Here I would like to thank the sisters who have so kindly, timely and readily responded to the call for the placing of these evacuees in suitable homes. The scheme is going well, providing those who need to leave their homes will co-operate with Sister Hawkes and those who are so anxious to accommodate them. " By their works ye shall know them."

The future will no doubt contain many crises which will test our willingness to follow the Lord's plans for the temporal salvation of His people throughout the Church.

By working through the Relief Society we shall be presenting an object lesson to the women of this country.

Put your shoulder to the wheel, push along.
Do your duty with a heart full of song.
We all have work, let no man shirk:
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

F. B. B. DUNN.

## BOOK-LORE

**" The Keys of the Kingdom."**
By Dr. A. J. Cronin.

THE most amazing thing about this book is that the chief character (hero, if you like) is the most crashing failure—in his own eyes.

But Dr. Cronin, with a touch, indescribably subtle, and with something not entirely literary about it, lends to the reader the eyes of God. It's rather shocking to one's sense of values. One sees Andrew Chisholm as God sees him, and it startles the most timid, humble man into hopefulness.

Cronin's pen is often dipped in satire. Had he not been an author, he must have been a sociologist. He is constantly alive to conditions, and knows the needs of the people . . . but he answers those needs with his eyebrows tilted. Read him . . . he is good.

Gollancz, 9s.

### BOOKS

Rapt in reverent revery, I scan
The familiar titles one by one;
Fancy sweeps over Time's lengthening span,
I meet again rarest friends I have won.

I look at the covers, the new and old,
With the miser's keen, idolatrous eye;
I recount the Soul's fine gold they enfold,
Of more worth than the miser's gold can buy.

I recall the wits, poets and sages
With whom I dream and think and laugh and live;
By the lilt and the pith of their pages
I relive the truth and mirth they give.

NEPHI JENSEN.

## THE GOSPEL ALPHABET

**A** is for America, where the Gospel had its birth,
Her land was full of creeds, and the rituals of earth.
**B** is for our Britain, the Home we love so dear,
Her sons spread the Gospel in lands both far and near.
**C** for Christian virtues, for which the nations stand.
**D** for the Deity we need on every hand.
**E** stands for Enlightenment for which the Prophet sought,
**F** for Faith unwavering, which Heaven's answer brought.
**G** stands for Gospel, by angels brought to man,
**H** for Hope and Happiness, and the Heaven we may obtain.
**I** is for Intelligence, "The Glory of our God",
**J** makes Justice perfect, the Lord's own measuring rod.
**K** is for God's Kingdom, set up on earth again,
**L** for the Love it teaches, of God and fellow men.
**M** is for Millennium, that blessed reign of Peace,
**N** for the Nations whose warring then will cease.
**O** means Opportunity, to all who will give heed
No matter of what country, nation tongue or creed.
**P** is for Pre-existence, and the Purpose of life revealed,
**Q** means the quest of ages no more from men concealed.
**R** is for Revelation, the Rock upon which the Church stands,
**S** for loving Service, rendered by willing hands.
**T** is for our Temples, where sacred work is done,
Both for the living and the dead, making their hearts one.
**U** is for Unity stronger than Death and Hell.
Hearts so sealed in Temples are sealed in Heaven as well.
**V** is for final victory over all the force of sin,
When Death, the last to be conquered, hath forever lost its sting.
**W** means Wholehearted Worship, to "Our Father", we gratefully give,
Who has made such a future possible for His sons and daughters to live.
**X** is for extra effort, then that we put forth today,
That each may share the glories of that grand Millennial Day.
**Y** is for the Youth of Zion, who "True to the Faith shall stand",
**Z** shall stand for Zion, the Promised and Chosen Land.

VIOLET COLEBY.

# PIQUANT THOUGHTS

It is better to have your bank in heaven, than your heaven in a bank.

Faith without works is dead, but faith without hope is a fiction.

Talk of those things that make people the better for listening to you.—R. W. Trine.

By humility we rise, by obedience we command, by poverty we are rich, by dying we live.

Every man is worth just so much as the things are worth about which he busies himself.—M. Aurelius.

One of the most important things in life is not where we stand, but in what direction we are moving.—G. Herbbert.

When God withholds a thing from us he always gives us something better in its place.—E. T. Fowler.

The simplest saint with all his limitations is a greater personality than the most splendid sinner.—J. R. Illingworth.

Kind words are the music of the world. They have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes.—F. W. Faber.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.—Goethe.

Out of the hands of pain and suffering more gifts have come to men than from any other source.—J. M. Blake.

Talent sees opportunity, genius creates it, but only patience and labour reap its most perfect reward.

The man who has begun to live more seriously within begins to live more simply without.—P. Brooks.

*Dr. Bennion*

# "A COLT IN A SPRING PASTURE"

LIFE in general is a fascinating thing to observe, characterised as it is by such marvellous processes as rapid growth, infinite variety, and the power to maintain itself and even reproduce itself. Equally interesting is the life of an individual from its first beginning in the nature of a fertilised cell to the full maturity of a man or a woman with all the capacity for living which he or she enjoys.

One was too young, inexperienced, and ignorant to be occupied with observation and reflection about one's life the first dozen years or so. Little children simply live and learn.

The best way for you to appreciate your own past development and future possibilities is to observe the people about you. Look at girls, at various stages from infancy to fifteen or sixteen, and much will come back to you to recall your own past. You will note that you were once the doll-like rolly-polly little girl of two or three who gradually thinned out from four to seven and then began to shoot up like a weed. Some of you wondered if you would ever stop growing about the time you reached eleven, twelve, or thirteen. Your gangling legs were awkward and unattractive as the rest of your body failed to register proportionate growth and development. Your muscular growth was much more rapid than co-ordinated. This discrepancy left you awkward and clumsy, without much grace, and with very little control over your hands and legs. Your embarrassment expressed itself not only in clumsy behaviour but also in a good deal of silly laughter and a lot of giggling.

To make the picture all the more interesting, some of you girls towered head and shoulders above the smaller seventh-grade boys whose growth is naturally a year or two slower than yours. Some of them must have felt like David approaching Goliath, and have shared his courage, as they approached you for a dance at the school party.

Beginning at twelve and thirteen, a marvellous change in your growth took place. Each year, thereafter, has made a great difference in you. Your body has gradually acquired graceful proportion and will continue to do so. Your features acquire animation and beauty which were lacking in the preceding years of rapid growth; and they will continue to do so. You become conscious of new powers and strength within you. You become attractive to these same boys to whom a year or two before you may have appeared as a bean pole.

This development toward beautiful and attractive womanhood which began at twelve or thirteen is still, at fifteen and sixteen, only in its preliminary stages. A girl's attractiveness may and ought to increase with her maturity through the teens, the twenties and thirties, and on throughout life; each later age having its own charm and beauty in the lives of those who know how to live well. Girls at fifteen and sixteen are not fully mature. They are more like a rosebud. Their full beauty flowers in the years ahead.

Your development from an awkward, lanky girl to a graceful, attractive woman is not accidental but purposeful. That which gives you, in good measure, individuality and attractiveness is the same thing which gives you the power to be creative, to realise the full possibilities of your life in the creation of another life. God, through the processes of nature, has created you with the desire to love and with the attractiveness to be loved. He has implanted in each boy the same power of developing into a person attractive to girls and with the desire to love them. And He has wisely designed that the mutual attractiveness of man and woman find its fulfillment in the creation of a child of their own kind, the object of their great affection.

In our next issue Dr. Bennion will further discourse on this great power of attraction and creation which we know as the mating instinct, or sex.

"Today and Tomorrow," Dr. Lowell L. Bennion.

# TWO ★ BROTHERS

A Short Story by
**HELEN TENNA TYREE**

**"They say I was shell-shocked. But I tell you I saw through space and time!" . . . .**

RAIN and mud. Mud and rain. Sorrow and dread and futility. Men with courage and men with fear. So this was the front!

My sensations on going over the top? At first I thought of home. Pastel skies, cool mountains, green fields. Then into a hell of ricocheting lead! A symphony of death! The battlefield was a tumbled chaos of broken bodies. Dismembered souls drifted in the cannon smoke. Chatter . . . chatter . . . an unending rhythm—was that machine-guns or my teeth chattering? Some of the boys ran ahead of me. The mowing got them—over they went—sliced off—quick—easy. My feet snagged on bodies. I kept on going. No telling—I might be next.

What an experience! My mind said that several times, I remember. But my body was numb, drenched, cold. And the senselessness of it all pounded at me

A man fell in my way. Did it hurt much? I wondered. His eyes closed so quietly.

All around the air surcharged with death—with transient life. Hate crescendoing in song—bursting in screeching splendour. Shells—screaming—spiralling! Flash! Flame! Eternity swooping upon me with a thousand stars!

The smothering sense of death was hushing my throat. I fought. I wouldn't die! But I was so tired. I almost wanted to die.

I was drifting. Rising and sinking—just as someone is said to feel with a shot of morphine.

Here's what happened. You can make what you will of it.

*I know.* I know I passed into that mysterious half-realm between life and death. There perception is keener—there we see the ordinarily unseen—we hear the ordinarily unheard! There we are sensitised to vibrations on a higher plane than those of earth. Delirious? Oh, no! My mind was clearer than crystal!

I could feel someone standing there. Finally I opened my eyes. I could see someone in white and someone garbed in black. Out of the haze two faces were materialising. The mists cleared. One was radiant . . . light. The other dark . . . haunted. I knew them somehow. Where had I seen them before? I tried to remember.

They say I was shell-shocked. But I tell you I saw through space and time!

Those two surely resembled one another, I thought. They looked like brothers—but separated by different worlds! Suddenly they became aware of each other. They did not speak. The one in white stretched out his hand. But the dark one stood sullen. He didn't appear to notice the outstretched hand. A fleeting look of pain came over the dark face and then a sneer..

They were like people who have been separated for a long time and find words painful. They just stood and looked at each other. It got on my nerves, the way they kept standing there. Silent. Death-like. The dark one kept on trying to sneer, but there was a heart-broken look

# THEY MET ON THE BATTLEFIELD AND FELT AGAIN .·. THAT AWFUL GOD-KINSHIP BETWEEN THEM .·.

❖ ❖ ❖

about him—like someone forever doomed—somone forever lost . . . lost in a world of nameless shadows and horror! I felt sorry for him. He turned to go.

The other stopped him.

"So—we meet again, my brother!" There was the gentleness of prayer in that voice. "It's been a long time."

Still the dark one didn't answer.

"My brother!" the shining one had said—and into the sweet sternness of his face came deep sorrow.

"My brother! My brother! How those words sobbed themselves into my heart and chanted in my soul! And then I remembered who they were. Spiritual memories stirred in me.

. . . Existence was new. The universe was young. I heard again a crucified voice breaking in anguish. Again I heard a father's tortured words ringing into stillness of eternity: "Lucifer! Lucifer! why hast thou fallen, Son of the Morning?"

I sensed the half-turning of that soul moved by this omnipotent eloquence. Then sullen pride triumphed. That god-like but self-destroying pride! I sensed the perverted glory of that lost son. He who had been among the most exalted—falling—falling from the grace of God!

Despair weighed me ! How could we—lesser ones—hope to prevail when such greatness had failed? He—the Son of the Morning!

Voices murmured. Awe crept over all.

And then he was gone—the Prince of Darkness wearing his defeat majestically. I will never forget that terrible, tragic deserter! Alone—unwanted—but not unmourned. . .

And now the brothers had met again. Pain was in both faces. A knowledge of that awful God-kinship between them! What similarity! What contrast! Compassion in one—despair in the other! Triumph and defeat! Salvation and damnation! Love and hate! Good and evil!

Together, wordless, they surveyed the jagged field. The pensive silence was eloquent.

The mockery of a smile bit like acid into Satan's sombre, malevolent face. The Saviour's clear eyes shadowed as he looked upon his brother, the outcast, the homeless one. He who had once been upon the holy mountain of God and walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire! And now he reigned alone in a world of his own creation, the angel of the bottomless pit.

An eerie glow like dawn shone forth from the whiteness of Christ. A soft radiance fell, and, in the light, the face of Lucifer looked old and infinitely tired.

Something intangible was in the air. An emotion beyond the comprehension of man hovered there. It was as though each strove to reach over the abyss of time. To realise again the harmony of their creation. Memory cried out like a weird strain from some unearthly, ethereal place. And then as it had come like strange music, so it left.

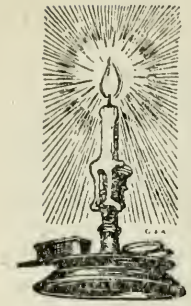
The screaming again. The flashing! The flaming! I was sinking . . . sinking . . . and then I pressed my eyes tight to shut out the millions of fire-specks dancing there.

Wings thrummed. Deep, resounding roars shook the earth. Cool fingers of rain stroked my face. I opened my eyes.

They were gone! and the battlefield was left to struggling humanity and to the wind which sighed and moaned like a woman over the blood, the bones, and the broken flesh.

—"The Improvement Era"

## BOOKS WHICH HAVE INFLUENCED ME No. 1



# "OLD PYBUS"

By Warwick Deeping

I LOVED Old Pybus the first time I met him . . . in the lobby of a country inn. He was the hotel "boots".

"He had manners and dignity in an age which is peculiarly lacking in both of them. Understanding people put him down as having been a servant in some house of quality, a footman, or perhaps a groom. There was something about him which suggested horses. Moreover, he could stand quite still under the eyes of the hotel's loungers, and such stillness is rare. He might appear a funny little old fellow in his black alpaca coat and grey trousers, and very clean as to collar, but not so funny as many a young fellow-my-lad might think. You took him courteously ,or you did not take him at all. Those blue eyes of his could be as disconcerting as the eyes of Marius were to his slave."

The story, I remember, was of how Old Pybus was "discovered" by his grandson, who was, incidentally, a product of Eton and Trinity. He had already cast off his sons as they acquired wealth, and they in their turn had been relieved to be rid of a father who, among other idiosyncrasies, preferred to earn his bread as a hotel "boots" rather than be provided for and forgotten by his prosperous progeny.

"Old Pybus" was feeding his pigeons. Lance had paused, and when he walked slowly on it was with a feeling of exultation. Here was his chance, and what a chance! It seemed to him that he was going to speak to someone who straightway would be a friend, an old man whose hands were stretched out to these fluttering birds. How unexpected and now suggestive!

"'Shall I frighten them?'

"Old Pybus looked up and round.

"'You, sir? No They are only shy of children.'

"Lance drew nearer.

"'Wonder if they'll come to me?'

"'Hold out your hands, sir.'

"'But there's nothing in them. Wouldn't that be swindling?'

". . . Old Pybus's blue eyes gave a curious flicker. This young man was unusual, very unusual. There was something about him. . . . ."

There was indeed. Some quality of fineness which reached out to the clean fearlessness of the old man. They each have the same kind of shy, serious courtesy. They both love books.

Lance is a product of Trinity and of this generation. He has all the rawness of youth that you and I have known and smarted under. He is thrilled and eager when he discovers he has a soul, and disconcerted when he dicovers to what extent it can pain him.

Old Pybus brings to him all the aid of his maturity and experience; of a mind nourished on Chaucer and Swinburne, Oliver Lodge, Masefield and Joseph Conrad. Lance wants to write—seriously—and like the rest of us, is in "a devil of a hurry". Old Pybus teaches him that you can't write about life until you have learned how to live. And behind it all is the spirit of the Adventurer whose eternal quest is for the beautiful.

I love old Pybus, for he embodies a great refinement of soul, a surpassing gentleness for youth when it is pinned to the cross. He makes me see the greatness of humility and the real use of education, which is making the most of an increased capacity for serving others and a greater appreciation for the beautiful things abundant in the world.

I have read him many times. I must read him again. . . . Yes, now. . . . He is an old friend. . . . Forgive me. . . . You understand. . . .

E. RUSSELL.

# HOW GREAT SHALL BE YOUR JOY

by . . ERIC THORP

## GAINING THE CONFIDENCE OF CONTACTS

IF we have a good friend, we want to introduce him to and share him with our other friends: so likewise with God if He is our friend, we should desire to share Him with others who do not know Him. People seldom resent our approaching them concerning the Gospel: often they wonder why we do not open the conversation when they know what we profess to be. Perhaps someone is even now waiting for and expecting us to approach them.

A young man once went to a Church conference for the sole purpose of hearing about the Gospel. He was surprised and disappointed when after the meetings not a single word was spoken to him about the Gospel or Church. Branch presidents, home missionaries and others of us often fail to preach the Gospel to individuals.

Before we can hope to bring our contacts into the Church, we need to become their friend, we need to know them and to do this we must study human nature. Salesmen, artists, actors and novelists study men for gain or fame: we need to study them in order to bring them into the Church. There are many "praying rogues and swearing saints" in this world. Study our contact's tastes in literature and drama, his likes and dislikes, his habits and associations. Our reserve holds others back from confiding in us. We must give our confidences first, wisely of course. It is easier to do this from the stand than in a personal talk, but the latter is the better way. Tell the worst and best of ourselves; our ideals and desires. Show that we really care for the welfare of our contacts. Let us love individuals, not just people as a whole together.

It has been said that lack of personal work is the great fault of organised religion. Take nothing for granted: many regular members, even, need personal help towards living the true Mormon life. When told confidences, never show shocked surprise. Be ready to confess our own failings. However, only God can show us when and what to confess. It is good to confess our own unworthiness, but stressing how the Gospel helps to make us better. This helps to disarm criticism. No matter what sin might be confessed to us, we can always say that many have done and are doing the same. Every confidence that is given us we must keep sacred. If we betray confidences in talking about other people, then those who hear us or know what we do will never confide in us.

"Could we but draw back the curtains
that surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit, know
what spur the action gives—
Often we should find it better, purer, than
we think it should:
We should love each other better if we
only understood."

"No one may look across where another soul moves on a quick, straight path and say the way is easier for the other. No one can see if the rocks are cutting his friend's feet. No one can know what burning lands he has crossed to follow, to be so close to his Angel his Messenger. Believe always that every other life has been tempted, more tried than your own. Believe that the lives higher and better than yours are so, not through more ease but more effort. Believe that the lives lower than yours are so through more temptation, more trial. Believe that your friend with peace in his heart has won it, not happened on it, that he has fought your very fight."

# A DEMOSTHENES IN THE MAKING

Introduced by NORMAN DUNN

KNOWN to us as Jackie Edwards of Sparkbrook Branch (Birmingnam District), a young schoolboy from time to time has amazed our congregations by facile oratory and logical reasoning.

Blessed not only with remarkable talent, but with the crowning gift of a loving, intelligent and zealous mother, John McCrae—son of Sister Augusta M. Edwards by a former marriage—received intensive culture in public speaking from that best of all kinds of teachers. His English stepfather, Brother John B. Edwards, has shown real affection, and has unselfishly considered the boy's wider interests.

So, when opportunity came a year ago for him to return to the land of his birth, in order to complete his education, both parents agreed, and sixteen-year-old Jack returned over the war-infested Atlantic Ocean to the U.S.A.

There, sterling friends lovingly greeted him, and the boy found a "home away from home'" with Elder and Sister Ormand Coulam of Cottonwood Heights, Salt Lake City.

The privilege of attending Jordan High School was his. Jack's former fears of unwelcome restrictions proved unfounded; the boy found himself able to enjoy school activities and that he could concentrate upon six subjects which interested him. Soon he shone in public speaking, and was chosen to represent his school in the American Legion Oratory Contest.

Winning first place in the Utah contest, he went on to represent his school in the Colorado-Utah-Arizona regional, and again was awared premier honours. In the sectional contest at Cheyenne, Wyoming, Jack did splendidly—for a junior—by finishing third.

As a senior he should do even better, and if he can maintain the happy combination of humility and prayerfulness with marked ability and concentrated effort, the name of John McCrae will rank high among prominent Church orators.

Just now this youth is undergoing a test which is far more severe than any imposed by competition: the test of popularity. Not only has he been elected as student-body president of his school, but he has received many flattering press-notices. In one, for instance, his picture has the caption: "Mr. McRae" (!) By some interviewers his opinions apparently have been sought (and published) upon the respective meris and demerits of the English and American educational systems; upon rationing in the two countries, and the reactions of their peoples towards restrictions imposed; and even upon the possibility of winning a war by long-continued bombing! "The Deseret News" had a picture depicting Jack working in a shoe store to defray his school expenses.

If his native modesty can stand the strain of such publicity, Jack will have achieved something infinitely greater than the winning of a world-wide speech contest. Here we may remind him—and ourselves—of a few words from Kipling's poem "IF," in which he postulates what constitutes a real MAN:

"If you can meet with triumph and disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same . . ."

We congratulate "Our Jack" most heartily upon his oratorical achievements, and upon his election to positions of leadership in his new school "over there." We trust that he will excuse us if we remember with pride and thankfulness that he developed his pristine talent "over here" in our Sunday Schools, M.I.A.'s and other assemblies. But above all we hope he will never forget the vital lessons received from his devoted mother.

And the Lord said unto him, Who hath made man's mouth? or who maketh the dumb, or deaf, or the seeing, or the blind? have not I, the Lord?

Now, therefore go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say.—Ex. 4, ii., 12.

# BRITISH MISSION

## DISTRICT ACTIVITIES

**Belfast.**—We have been asked to publish in the "Star" a special vote of thanks to those brethren of the American Forces who, by their generous donations, were instrumental in the purchase of new hymn books and hymn sheets for the Belfast Branch.

**Salisbury.**—It will be recalled that six months ago the branch at Salisbury was organised with six members, the majority of whom were Service men. At a sacrament meeting on June 11, 1944, 70 people were in attendance, and once again the prevailing colour scheme was khaki. We send our most sincere congratulations upon this gratifying and inspiring achievement.

Further reports of successful Branch Conferences have been received from Doncaster, Rawmarsh, and Aberdeen, and all over the British Mission Mothers' Day seems to have been kept with appropriate joy and honour.

## CHALLENGE

**Birmingham District** invites other Districts to friendly contest at Cricket, Softball, Table-tennis or Football. Please arrange through communication with Roland F. Collins, 121, St. Paul's Road, Balsall Heath, Birmingham 12.

## BIRTHS

BRADLEY.—On May 14, 1944, at Nuneaton, the infant daughter of Brother Charles Henry and Sister Ellen Maria Bradley, born April 22, 1944, was blessed by President Wm. T. Nightingale and given the name Cynthia.

LYTTLE.—The infant son, born to Mr. William Robert and Sister Evelyn McIlroy Lyttle on March 31, 1944, was blessed on May 14, 1944, by Elder Thomas Dowdall in the Belfast Branch, and given the names William Robert.

BUTLER.—On May 9, 1944, the son born to Mr. William Applegate and Sister Edna Winifred Bond Butler on March 20, 1944, was blessed in Belfast by President Joseph Ditty and given the names William Applegate.

COLLINS.—The son born to Elder and Mrs. Robert Collins on April 9, 1944, was blessed by President Joseph Ditty in Belfast on June 18, 1944, and given the names Reginald John.

## ENGAGEMENTS and MARRIAGES

ARMSTRONG—PEACOCK. — The wedding took place of Sister Doris F. Peacock of South Shields Branch, and Brother Edward G. Armstrong of Kingstanding Branch, on Saturday, May 20, 1944, at 3 p.m., at Handsworth Chapel, Birmingham. The bride, who was charmingly attired in white, was attended by two bridesmaids and one small page. The Kingstanding M.I.A. Scout Troop, of which Bro. Armstrong is Scoutmaster, formed a guard of honour outside the Church. President Norman Dunn officiated at the ceremony.

TOLMAN—GARDNER.—On July 7, 1944, at Ravenslea Chapel, London, S.W., Elder Glen Harvey Tolman, of the U.S. Army, son of Brother Frederick Tolman of Rupert, Idaho, to Sister Edna Gardner, daughter of Sister Mary Gardner and the late Captain John Gardner, lately of Liverpool. Elder Francis A. Coombs was best man, and Elder James P. Hill performed the ceremony.

BEAZER—McCORMICK.—The engagement is announced between Elder Wendell S. Beazer, U.S.A.A.F., of Lorenzo, Idaho, and Pat, daughter of District President William Charles and Sister Marjorie Alice McCormick, of Bristol.

SCOTT—WOODS.—On June 12, 1944, the wedding took place of Brother William Scott and Miss Ivy Woods, at St. Anne's Cathedral, Belfast.

## DEATHS

JONES.—The infant son born to Mr. William Henry and Sister Ethel McIlroy Jones of the Belfast Branch on May 10, 1944, fell asleep on May 23, 1944, and was buried in the City Cemetery, Belfast.

MOHUN.—On Friday, June 9, 1944, the death occurred of Sister Florence Mohun, aged 59 years, of the Skelton Branch. Sister Mohun, who had suffered with blindness for many years, was buried June 12, 1944.

## DISTRICT CONFERENCES, 1944

### AUTUMN

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| September | 2 & 3 | LEEDS |
| ,, | 9 & 10 | SHEFFIELD |
| ,, | 16 & 17 | BIRMINGHAM |
| ,, | 23 & 24 | NOTTINGHAM |
| ,, | 30 & Oct. 1 | MANCHESTER |

In our last issue of "Millennial Star" we printed a notice concerning the release of Elder John F. Cook from the Genealogical Board. We regret that as this item of news was submitted after we had officially "gone to press," there was not time or space to give it more than a few lines.

Therefore we would like to express our thanks and appreciation to Brother Cook for the excellent work which he did in this capacity, and to assure him that he will be faithfully rewarded for his commendable efforts and achievements.


## FOR YOUR BOOKSHELF

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **Brigham Young** ..... | Susa Young Gates | 7s. 6d. |
| **Short History of the Church** ..... | | 3s. 0d. |
| **Speed on Salt** ..... | Eyston and Bradley | 3s. 0d. |
| **Book of Mormon** ..... | | 3s. 0d. |
| **Steps in Speech Training I** ..... | McAllister | 1s. 1d. |
| **Steps in Speech Training II** ..... | McAllister | 1s. 3d. |
| **Steps in Speech Training III** ..... | McAllister | 1s. 5d. |

Also:—

Articles of Faith Cards (per hundred) ..... 2s. 6d.

# WIT'S ENDS

IN A LIGHTER VEIN

### ASKING FOR TROUBLE

An absent-minded and near-sighted professor bumped into a cow, lifted his hat, and begged her pardon. Then he bumped into a lady and said: "Is that you again, you brute."

### THE LAST STRAW

A lecturer advised husbands to kiss their wives. One man went home, found his wife looking sad, and went straight up and kissed her. She completely broke down. "Everything's gone wrong today," she sobbed, "and now here's you home drunk."

### JUST AS WELL

A speaker had given a number of stories which he hoped to use again on another occasion, so he asked the reporter not to publish them. In the paper next day, after the report of the speech, was aded: "and he told a number of stories that cannot be published."

### SAFE!

Anxious young man to doctor during wife's confinement: "This suspense will kill me."

Doctor: "Cheer up, I never lost a father yet."

### BUZZ-BOMBS AGAIN?

Irish policeman examining broken window: "Just as I thought—broken on both sides."

### GO TO IT!

Jenny and George were sitting side by side. "Give us a kiss, Jenny," said George. No response; repeated three times; no response. "Are you deaf, Jenny?" "No; are you paralysed, George?"

### HE'D HAD IT!

Two Scots gamekeepers had a bottle of whisky between them. After drinking some, they agreed to leave some for the morning. During the night McTavish heard Donald stealthily crossing the floor.

"What do you want, Donald?"

"Naething, naething," said Donald.

"Ye'll be finding it in the bottle," said McTavish.

### CHEAP APPRECIATION

"What like is your new minister?"

"Oh, there is nothing but praise," said an enthusiastic member. "I thought that when I saw the collection," said the cynic.

### TOO BAD!

Mary was delighted with the character she got in Glasgow. She was reading it on the boat to Ireland. It blew away. Would the captain turn the boat and get it? No, but he would give her a new one —"Mary came on board with a good character but lost it on the boat."

### EXACTLY

Pat tried to get the end of a tangled rope. "Begorra," he exclaimed, "someone must have cut it off."

### NOT SO SURE

A resturant had a prominent notice—"No smoking." A rustic continued to smoke. The proprietor pointed to the notice.

"Do you have to obey a' they notices?" asked the rustic.

"What are they there for?" asked the proprietor.

"I was wondering," said the rustic, "about that ither ane—'Wear Venus Corsets.'"

—From Peter Esslemont's "Stories from Aberdeen."

# BRIGHAM YOUNG IN ENGLAND

*By SUSA YOUNG GATES*

SPEAKING of his work in England, Brigham Young records: "I tarried in England twelve months and sixteen days, and under my supervision between eight and nine thousand persons were baptized (though some later apostatized) before we left. Churches were organised and an emigration scheme prepared. Ships were chartered and companies sailed out. When I landed in Liverpool I had six bits (three shillings) with which I purchased a hat. Within a twelvemonth one of the finest vessels in the harbour tied up to carry myself and brethren across the water. The agents of the vessel said such a thing had never been done before, but they were anxious to oblige us, for we had chartered and fitted out several ships, and as our emigration promised to be a large business they wanted to carry us home. In that twelve months we had printed in England five thousand copies of the Book of Mormon, three thousand hymn books, and commenced the 'Millennial Star', a publication which has continued to this day; over sixty thousand tracts had been distributed by the Elders in the towns they visited or at their meetings.

"I do not recollect spending more than one penny needlessly, while in England, and that was for a bunch of grapes while passing through Smithfield Market, in Manchester. When I took them in my hand I saw women passing through the market who, I knew, were suffering from hunger. . . . I felt that I ought to have given that penny to the poor. Whenever I went from my office, if I neglected to take my pocketful of coppers to give to the poor mendicants which are everywhere to be met with, I would return to my desk and take a handful from the drawer, and as I walked along would give something to such objects of pity and distress as I met, and pass on without being hindered by them."

* * *

ERNEST took the occasion to indulge in the strictly forbidden prank of stone-throwing, delivering a smashing blow on Hydie's head. The injured boy went howling to his mother, and later, of course, a Juvenile Court was convened at prayer time.

"Ernest," asked father, after hearing several tearful charges and countercharges, "did you throw the stone that hit Hydie on the head?"

"Well, it was like this, father," he answered. "What goes up must come down, on your head or on the ground. And the rock came down, and Hydie didn't get out of the way, and so he got hit."

"Well," said father, judicially, while struggling with laughter inside, "did you see this take place?" and on his replying in the affirmative was instructed to tell exactly how it all happened. He did so honestly and frankly, in great minuteness of detail.

"What did you do, Ernest?"

"I just looked on."

Court adjourned amid peals of laughter. ★ ★ ★

HORTICULTURE was an obsession with Brigham Young. A natural vegetarian, his mind reached out to provide the loveliness of cultivated flower and shrub, the luxury of superior fruit and vegetable and the health-providing necessity of the best to be found in the grains which are "for the use of man." He did not know till experience taught him, that the irrigated garden and field gave up Nature's best gifts in temperate climates. But he was soon to find that out.

He was also a lover of animals; in that he also wanted the best to be had, and he was aware that the best horse, the finest cow, paid in increased economic production. As a consequence the markets of the world were searched by missionaries for improvements in every line of horticulture and animal husbandry. Dairy products were a domestic art, while cleanliness and sanitary regulations won as much favourable comment at the local fairs, which were a feature even in those early days as did superior grains and pure-bred cows.

—Selected by Sister Margaret Dunn.

The Ludo Press (T.U.), 373, Earlsfield Road, London, S.W.1.